Lies all within, and these externall manners
Of laments are meerely shadowes to the vnseene,
Griefe that swells with silence in the tortured soule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giuest
Me cause to waile, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Bull. Name it faire Coosin.
Rich. Faire Coose, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but subiects
Being now a subiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being so great, I haue no need to beg.
Bul. Yet aske.
Rich. And shall I haue it?
Bul. You shall.
Rich. Why then giue me leaue to goe.
Bul. Whither?
Ric. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Bul. Goe some of you conuay him to the tower.
Rich. O good conuay, conuayers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bul. On Wednesday next we solemnely set downe,
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selues.

Exeunt. Manet West. Carleill, Aumerle.

Abbot. A woefull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
Car. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernitious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speake my mind heerein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament
To bury mine intent, but also to effect
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Enter